



This Is The Life



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Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

"More lemonade?" Mrs. Evans asked.

She held a platter of ice cold lemonade, two glasses filled with the pale yellow liquid.

"Thanks, Mum," Isla said.

Mrs. Evans handed Isla a glass of lemonade then turned to me. "What about you, Juliet?"

"Thanks, Mrs. Evans." I pushed my sunglasses onto my top of my head and reached for the glass.

"Enjoy the pool," Mrs. Evans winked, then headed back inside.

There are benefits to having an awesome best friend who invited you over every Saturday to float in her pool and sip ice cold lemonade freshly made by her mom.

Isla pushed her sunglasses on her head and smiled at me. She was British, born and raised in London until she was eight, when she moved to America. Despite the six years living in America, Isla's accent still hadn't faded.

When we had first met in third grade, something instantly clicked. Even though Isla could have easily been accepted into the popular clique at school (led by snooty Bella), Isla chose to stay friends with me.

"It's such a lovely day," Isla sighed, setting her lemonade glass on the edge of the pool. "No annoying little sisters, no Bella, no older brothers to bother us."

Isla had one older brother named Trevor. He was three years older than Isla, currently in his sophomore year of high school. I deny it, I thought Trevor was kinda cute. He had one dimple, light brown hair, and hazel eyes. He was tall, with flecks of amber and green, perfectly straight teeth, and a wide smile. He had a strong jawline, cheekbones, and a big smile. When Isla was still sleeping in the rare moments that I came over to her house before Isla

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was awake, Trevor was always awake, and he made me laugh so hard my side hurt, around the same time that Isla came in the room with a pillow in her hand, threatening to chuck it at me if I didn't stop being so loud.

"Alert! Alert!" Isla whispered to me. "Nuisance has been spotted."

I looked up, and saw Trevor, wearing his navy blue swim trunks, approaching, strutting confidently toward the pool.

"Go away, Trevor," Isla complained.

Trevor smiled his dazzling smile. "Sister, dear, I'm certain that you want me here. And I'm sure that Juliet over here would agree." He winked at me, and I blushed scarlet.

"Mum! Trevor's being a pain!" Isla shouted.

"Isla! Be nice to your brother!" Mrs. Evans shouted back.

Isla sighed dramatically, the way she always did when she knew that the battle was already won. She leaned over and whispered, "Prepare for Mission-"

She didn't get to finish her sentence because Trevor had already made a splash. Literally.

"Cannonball!" he bellowed.

"TREVOR!"

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